THE east village OTHER

VOL. 4,NO. 29 JUNE 18, 1969 METROPOLITAN 15¢

BEWARE

There is acid in this city which is orange in color, bring passed off as Sunshine sometimes, other times, just regular ol' acid. It is neither—it has strychnine in it, and it will make you sick. It will poison you. Someone is subverting the whole meaning of acid . . . So: don't buy acid from people you don't know; taste it; if it isn't sweet, then it is not Sunshine. Dont buy it.

EVO needs reporters, writers, artists . . . if you are interested, call: 228-8640.
Write: 105 2nd Avenue
New York, 10003
Only those with previous experience need apply. We have to try and reach the community (ecological size left up to your generosity) and all the corners, recesses, etc., of people's minds should be reached.
Thanks.

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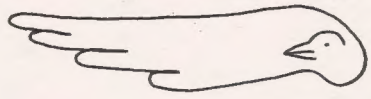
LETTERS

Dear EVO:

For Tim Leary to say that the recent Supreme Court ruling in his case "completely wiped out the Federal Marijuana Law. It ended federal prohibition." is misleading. His recent case applies only to self-incrimination at the border where you are asked to declare what you are bringing into the country. There are still federal laws against sale, smuggling and possession while engaged in interstate travel (generally with the intention of sale). Before you decide to light up in your local post office or the Grand Canyon, or sell to a federal agent you should at least know that such activity is still very illegal under federal laws.

ABBIE HOFFMAN



Dear EVO:

In the middle of June 1969 we will publish a periodical collection under the title OMNIBUS NEWS. This periodical is planned with an indefinite number of participants in mind. Some of our working titles would be overflow, the gordian knot, and converging point. Our motivations are open forum, arts laboratory, a "telephonebook" contributor roster, first-hand information, first-edit on literatur, community printing, volumnious publications.

OMNIBUS NEWS will be a collection of single issues in which each participates at his own risk i.e. There will be no censorship, but the issue will be without commercial advertisments. We plan at the beginning to have some 80 participants. Publishing-and distributing ideas: those wanting to publish their work in OMNIBUS NEWS should send 1500 single sheet copies of their work. There is a general limit of two pages per issue per participant (cost of 1500 pages offset printing is about 30.00 German marks).

Paper-colour and printing techniques can be freely choosen — bookprint, offset, litho, screen-printing, mimeograph, free photo-processing, paper recording discs etc . . .

All participants will receive 10 bound copies of the issue which he can then sell, give as gifts or whatever. With this system of distribution we hope to reach as wide an audience as possible since the participants will be from all parts of the world.

In order to finance the binding-and mailing costs we ask each participant to transfer the sum of 15.00 West German marks ($3.75 US Dollar) to the account of OMNIBUS NEWS account number 63/05007 Deutsche Bank Munchen, Amalienstrasse 57,8 Munich 13, West-Germany.

OMNIBUS NEWS will bring monochrome and colour, warm and cold, funny and serious, sober and drunk, prudish and obscene, abstract and concrete . . .

For the first issue the works must reach us bevore the 15. of June 1969. If you plan to contribute., drop us a card very soon with your return address so we have some idea of how many participants will be in the first issue and if we should have to contact you bevore the first issue comes out.

Best Greetings . . . Peace . . .
THOMAS NIGGL,
HEIMRAD PREM,
CHRISTIAN d'ORVILLE
For OMNIBUS NEWS,
Some of the invited persons:
FISCHER, FUCHS, HULSMAN,
HUISMANS, FONGY, GLASER,
HERZIG, etc. etc . . .

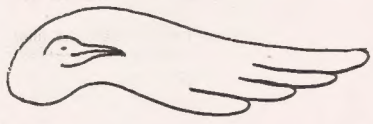
Dear EVO:

As you are probably aware, eight people have recently been indicted by the federal government, under the Anti-Riot provision of the 1968 Civil Rights Act., for "conspiring to," and crossing interstate line "with **intend** to incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in and carry on a riot" at the Democratic Convention. To prepare for the trial of this "Conspiracy," we are presently compiling all information relevant to the disorders" which occurred during the Convention.

Since we have no access to back issues of your newspaper, we need your help in gathering all articles you might have which pertain in any way to (1) one or more of the eight "conspirators" (Dave Dellinger, Rennie Davis, John Froines, Lee Weiner, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, Bobby Seale), (2) any preconvention planning, and (3) the actual convention events. (This should cover roughly the period: Oct. 67-Oct. 68). It makes no difference whether you send us this information by article or by issue — whichever is easiest for you.

We realize that this is a miserable thing to ask of anyone, but we hope you realize the significance of this trial, both legally and politically, requires that we all work.

All over to the People
CONSPIRANCY STAFF



Dear EVO:

I am writing this letter hoping that you'll listen to what I have to say and maybe know someone who can help me. I'll try to keep it as short as possible so the readers will not become bored.

I am from a town mid-way between Philadelphia and New Jersey. I played Bass guitar with a local vocal group called "The Drastic Change" until drafted into the service in May '68. The next thing I knew I was on may way to Nam after Basic and AIT training and a short leave. I was to be an infantryman. So I served in the field from Oct. to April and everything was O.K. I even won a Silver Star in contact one time. Now here is what hapened on Easter Sunday. We walked into an ambush and 3 of my good friends were killed. It was a bad fire-fight. Later we pulled back. I had a headache. It was so bad that two days later I was removed from the field to the rear. In the rear I was told my headaches were of a mental nature so I was sent to the Div. Phsy. He told me I was suffering from tension & pressure in the field. He gave me a 10 day rest and told me to return to the field to try it again. I went back out and the third day we were out there our company was hit by four companies of enemy soldiers. My best friend was killed. I freaked and didn't know what was going on. Later (a day) we came back to the LZ for a rest. I wanted to return to the Div. Phsy. because of the headaches but was denied. Finally with the help of the Chaplin I got to go. The Div. Phsy. game me a paper stating that I was mentally unable to serve in the field. I should have a rear job. This statement is in my records. My squad leader and squad also said I couldn't function in the field, but they still told me to go back out. When I refused they said I would go to prison for a long time. Now I am awaiting a Court Martial here in the rear. There's more but it's just one big freak-out. I just don't know what's happening. I need help and maybe you know someone who can help before it's to late. If you know anyone willing to help please tell them to write to:

SP/4 David R. Schepis
US 51907922
Co. C 2nd Bn 5th Cav.
1st Air Cav. Div. (AM)
APO, SAN Francisco, Calif. 96490

Interview with Fred Baker
by Jaakov Kohn
MAKER OF EVENTS

While the dark clouds of oppression, resulting from stupid persuit of senseless laws overshadow the erotic horizons of the country, Fred Baker cast his intrepid eye on the porous bubble that he calls ERZOTICA. In EVENTS he has made a sensitive yet uncompromising statement on the WETDREAM of America.

EVO—What is ERZOTICA?

FB — Ersatz Erotica. I think that that's what my film is about. It is about the whole syndrome of promoting a free sensuality via the tube, or the voyeuristic approach to finding personal liberation, a sensual liberation. The film is about the fact that if you try to reproduce it, create it for people to look at, it turns into a mess. It doesn't become erotic at all.

Then it is a question of an artistic endeavor which is ERZOTICA. Using actual people and coming to some degree of finesse with it professionally so that it can be an erotic experience for other people to look at, is a ridiculous game.

EVO — When you use the term "Finesse," where do you draw the line?

FB — I don't. You mean in terms of what you can look at or see?

EVO — What you are willing to show.

FB — As much as you are willing to do.

EVO — Do you draw the line anywhere?

FB — As I said I don't. When you are trying to show sexual acts of any kind, whatever you practice is all normal.

EVO — In what way did you direct the film? What struck me about it was the total spontaneity of it.

FB — I completely directed it. I set up the sequential structure with planned necessary deadlines. There are frames within which the actors had to accomplish certain things. Sometimes I had to rush them to get to their endeavor, depending on how I felt it should be structured into the film and sometimes I gave them complete freedom in terms of the amount of time I wanted it to happen in the normal sequence in which something like this would happen.

EVO — How did the actors react to your direction?

FB — They reacted very well because the ones who were the confrontors or lead actors — the ones that confronted the others who joined their events for their insidious endeavors, knew what they had to accomplish. The film, if anything else other that a total pander to the voyeurist tastes, is an examination of the problems that confront four people who are requested to 'do it' in a situation which is ultimately not erotic. Cameras, cameramen, soundmen, gauze and plastic. It is exactly that which is drawn out in the film by the actors who are out to complete a certain amount of pornographic filming and those they ask to join them. I gave that problem right over to the film itself. It just so happened that I found people that would.

EVO — Were there any copouts?

FB — No, the people that were going to complete the weeks' events, the shooting sessions, made the decision that they would. And they DID.

EVO — Was there, prior to the shooting any fraternization among the actors, or were the scenes totally spontaneous at the time?

FB — The scenes that you saw were entirely spontaneous. They happened as a result of the combination of the acting job that the script called for and the spontaneous use of the time in proper settings and a knowledgeable way of going about it. To answer the question as to whether there was any offscreen screwing — there was, but it had no bearing on the film. We made the film very professionally. People came and shot for 8-10 hours a day. We shot the whole film in 8 days.

EVO — Did you shoot all the sequences during that week?

FB — All but the Rev. Glenesk's Lenny Bruce sermon and the Hog Farm freakout.

EVO — When was the Gleneck sequence shot?

FB — About a year ago. Allan Douglas, Bruce's literary executor, and I were discussing at the time a documentary film on Lenny. I am devoted to a great deal of what he had to say, how he said it and the genius of his comedy. An important part of this material was incorporated in a media show that Hillard Elkins is going to produce as his next production after "Oh Calcutta". It is my script based on Lenny's comedy. A tremendous amount of media, probably heretofore never used in the extent that it is being used in this show. It is an easily understood type of vaudeville presentation using media instead of sets, drops or curtains. 5 or 6 mime actors take on the genius of his mind in terms of his comedy characters. Within his routines they play out the reality of his problems in life and how they become ever more theatrical than his work in the latter stages, when his work starts to go downhill while his public life, his trials, their absurdities and the ludicrousness of a society attacking a man who has such obviously great human values, reaches new heights.

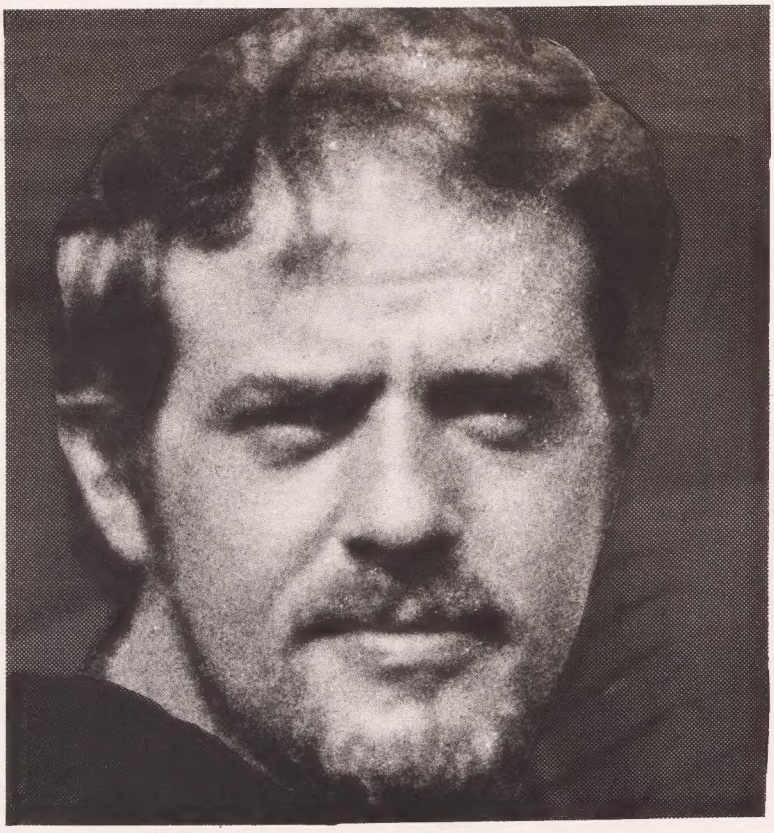
EVO — Would you say that your involvement with the Lenny syndrome served in any way as your point of departure that eventually led to **Events?**

FB — No, **Events** came about because I found myself without a project after the initially planned 'Lenny' media show did not come about. With that show everything was going and all of a sudden — Woof — and I was left high and dry with a tremendous amount of pent-up energy in search of an outlet. I simply didn't know what to do until, practically out of nowhere, I thought up the film. I had some past experience with the erotic game in films, and so I went ahead and got the necessary backing and immediately went ahead with the casting.

EVO —I felt that in **Events,** you addressed yourself to the core of Lenny's problem. I seemed to me to be the very logical extension of your involvement with the Lenny syndrome. In **Events,** you address yourself directly to the issues that Lenny brought to light in his comedy and his life — "Pornography" — Erotica — Liberation.

FB — I agree with you there. Dealing with the Bruce material so deeply, I have come into my own feeling of stepping out. Lenny's value was his innate genius of making people laugh and as a result, what he was saying, wasn't in any way liberating. I really don't link Bruce to the voyeuristic openers, the liberated sensuality. I am sure that he was pretty much against that. He was of a generation that loved the humor in pruriency. They loved it to be dirty, they saw that as a spice, a taste of life for sexuality. Nudity, peeking, peeping, seeing this happen between people, as a kind of around-the-corner-sneaky-thing. They loved it. That was part of the hard on for them. Lenny was just saying: "Don't we all think these thoughts?". He was funny. He was brilliant at it. I don't think that he was for obliterating the dirty and the prurient in sex because he innately felt that it was a beautiful part in it and that if we do attempt to overexpose ourselves to it with a kind of steel-like tendency where we look at it as a computerized process, it will come out as a fuking IBM card and not as a hard on.

EVO — During the preview there was a moment, while the orgy closeup was presented in double eight quadrant images, that the audience gasped. They gasped when they realized what exactly was going on. This sequence was certainly the most powerful and effective presentation of on screen orgy fucking and sucking. To top it it was most tastefully done. (Continued on Page 12)



SOMEWHERE IN KEY BISCAYNE.....
SNAP!
BURNS
SATURDAY NIGHT: THE LADY OF THE HOUSE DAINTILY ATTENDS TO HER TOILETTE BEFORE RETIRING...
YES, FOLKS! IT'S ANOTHER SESSION OF FUN AND FOOLERY...YET ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN SHEER BOREDOM AND COMMONPLACENESS, AN UNFORGETTABLE EVENING WITH THOSE PARAGONS OF RANK DOMESTICITY....
DICK N' PAT
Y'KNOW? SOMETIMES I WONDER...
AT EASE
BY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
RICHARD DARLING... COME TO BED NOW- LAWRENCE WELK IS ON.....
RICHARD!
COME, PAT... AND SIP FROM THE CHALICE OF OPPORTUNITY! (SNICKER)
TAFT MEMORIAL BIDET
I'M FED UP WITH POUNDING MY PUD AT THE LENNON SISTERS, PAT! I WANT THE REAL STUFF!
BUT DICK... WE HAVEN'T DONE THAT SINCE IKE'S THIRD HEART ATTACK!
IT'S HIGH TIME SOMEBODY SHOWED SOME BACKBONE AROUND HERE!
DICK! OOOOH!
NOW I WANT TO CLARIFY ONE THING HERE...
HOTCHA!
SMACK
SMACK
SMACK
NOW TO PROCEED WITH THE DEMONSTRATION!
BUT DICK, THINK OF CHECKERS!
CHECKERS? IF YOU THOUGHT CHECKERS WAS GOOD, YOU HAVEN'T TRIED THE NEW NIXON!
HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING I LEARNED FROM SPIRO!
ERK!
LIKE ARI SAID TO ME LAST MONTH... WHO NEEDS THE PILL?
MOAN...
SOCK IT TO ME... AS WE SAY ON LAUGH-IN!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?
GOOD LORD! IT'S UNCLE ED!
HUH?
SO LONG, SAP!
LATER
FACE IT, DICK... THERE ARE SOME THINGS EVEN GOD HAS PUT BEYOND OUR REACH...
HA! THEY'LL NEVER GET ME ALIVE!
OOOH BABY!! RING MY CHIMES!!
PHONY RUBBER SUIT (EXHIBIT A)
BAH!
Dean, Kim N' bhob
THANX AND A TIP OF THE TUMESCENT TIT TO WILLY MURPHY..... WHEREVER HE IS...

decomposition

decomposition

by R.A. LATIMER

Can a freedom-loving young Czechoslovakian artist prosper and succeed in Nixon's America? Oh, if he keeps a clean nose and watches the plain clothes, chances are a fellow with push and stick-to-it-ive-ness can survive until the next election, assasination, abdication or revolution. Kim Deitch is worried about it, in his characteristically bemused, exhausted, hairy, hash-freak way. "I think maybe we've gone about as far as we're gonna go, this time around," Kim will muse, peering at his drawing board through a psychic haze of wheat germ ("Damned okay amphetamine substitue, wheat germ!"), poised to slash that final devastating wrinkle into his latest Nixon caricature —"I mean those of us who've been doin' this psychedelic jive for the last three years. Time to be-re-connoiter, digest what we've done, apply it to the situation at hand and *get on* with the fuckin' thing, whatever it is nows."

Then he'll fix you with his wild spinning Felix-the-Catseyes, Kim will, and the four borders of a comics panel will emerge like a a halo around his head, lights will flash in the background amid puffs of steam, and over a raucous medley of honky-tonk music and mechanical noises, he'll say: "And I might add here, folks, that I was born in Los Angeles, not Czechoslovakia. And I never said half the things Latimer's feeding you, never will say them. He pipes things in from nowhere. Notorious liar, Latimer. That's because he's Welsh—they lie all the time, believe me. Fuckin nimnams . . ."

Nim-Nam! Oh, that's a Deitch word—like Spee-yonk, tally-ho, Great Scott, cat's pajamas . . . These and other expressions too arcane for even Marvel superheroes have found their way into Deitch's comic-strip vocabulary. Check them out: he keeps the original pages of his EVO and *Gothic Blimp Works Ltd.* stuff, they're hanging in his museum at 335 east ninth street, just west of First Avenue.

And besides Deitch's own work, he keeps in this one-room storefront gallery everything else he can get his freedom-loving Czechoslovakian hands on: originals by Spain Rodriguez, Robert Crumb, Jay Lynch, Vaughn Bode, Skip Williamson, Roger Brand, S. Clay Wilson, Willy Murphy . . . Tryptichs from such Established Pros as Wallace Wood, Jack Kirby, Jim Steranko . . . Curiosa like a 1901 George Herriman Strip, pages from Steve Ditko's fabled *Sweeter Gwen*, a whole page of "Little Orphan Annie" as writen by Al Capp's brother and embellished by Tex Blaisdell. A a representative selection from his little brother Simon (inventor of the epithet, "Nim-Nam") and his cheesecakey old lady, Trina (the original California Girl). It is to *The Gothic Blimp Works Ltd.*, of which Kim is editor, that he owes his access to all this stuff. *The Gothic Blimp* has been wafting ever more aloft lately on the cyclone of acclaim, and the very best artists have been giving Kim their stuff—which Kim hangs in his museum, cackling weirdly.

"It's sort of an evangelistic retrospective revue," Deitch drawls, chugging the dregs out from a can of Colt 45, taking care not to spill the horrible stuff on next week's Uncle Ed. "I just want to get all this stuff in one place and let people come in and look at it. Maybe it'll change somebody's head around . . . I mean, you walk in here straight from Walla Walla, cold turkey, something's bound to happen to you when you see all this insane shit. Or maybe somebody might look at it and, I dunno see in a flash — FZZAFFT! — where we're all at, doing this for three years . . . And he'd scream and

(Continued on Page 19)

RAEANNE RUBINSTEIN

Dear friends . . .
Hello . . .
Please call me . . .
Editor "O" . . .
From Nashville . . .
Send me your poems . . .
And first names, please . . .
Wach EVO
For action . . .
Thank you.
"There's something about a fence . . . that wants breaking" . . . Robert Frost
"You can't trust the dogs,"
The cowboy in black was saying . . .
"They'll put the proles in every time . . .
"On the other hard . . . the police . . .
Are predictable . . ."

Pioneer Blood
Runs wild, I guess
Innocent . . .
And lovely . . .

It takes
A stranger . . .
In our
Town . . .
To break
News . . .
To us . . .
Gently . . .

A violent storm
Slashed thru
Our land . . .
And left . . .
Our senses . . .
Shattered . . .

Thru broken fences . . .
Thought escaped . . .
New territories
Conquered . . .

The cowboy knew
. . . That dogs . . .
went wild . . .
Withoutt . . .
A proper . . .
collar . . .

The law,
He knew . . .
Held logic
Fast . . .
It Hap . . .
A certain . . .
. . . Facet . . .

For man,
All told . . .
Was merely
Prole . . .
And fountains . . .
Needed . . .
Facets . . .

Sheriffs built . . .
Of licking feet . . .
Were jesters . . .
Chasing . . .
fables . . .

But mavericks Guilt . . .
Of god's own steel . . .
Thru wisdom
And compassion . . .
Could mold
A world
On Golden
Rules . . .
Would . . .
Over come
The "Fashion" . . .

Who says . . . we don't love our cowboys . . .
Anymore?

Love, Editor "O"
From Nashville

NO PASARAN!

by Claudia Dreifus

THERE'S AN OLD WOBBLE ABOUT THE MISSION LADIES WHO TELL THE POOR: "You will eat when you die, that great big pie in the sky . . ." Well Billy Graham came to Sin City this week to feed us a rather expensive diet of hellfire and brimstone.

Ushering Brother Graham into town were his backers. Elmer W. Engstrom, Chairman of the Board of RCA, George Champion, Chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and Roger Hull, Chairman of Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Graham admitted that his New York foray will cost his supporters well over a million dollars. The price of God, like everything else, seems to have gone up with the inflation. Evidently, its rather expensive these days to get nearer my God to thee. To help the evangelist out of his financial bind, Engstrom and his chums in the business community have raised $575.000—with more coming. In addition, the Crusade expects to suck in an extra $125.000 per night from repentent sinners at Graham's Garden performance.

Meanwhile, back in Fun City, the Medicaid program has ben cut and it apears that thousands of low-income families will be without health-care this year. Sometime earlier, the New York State legislators decided to cut the school-lunch program as well as welfare payments to dependent children. "You will eat when you die . . .".

* * *

IF ANYBODY WANTS TO KNOW WHY I VOTED FOR HERMAN BADILLO IN YESTERDAY'S DEMOCRATIC PARTY PRIMARY, I would like to refer them to a recent NEW YORK POST interview with Mrs. Robert F. Wagner. Until his return to New York this Spring, Smiling Bob had been working as the American Ambassador to Spain. When asked by the POST's reporter about Fascism in Spain, Barbara Wagner demurely replied: "I didn't see it that much. They're great friends of the Americans. Those bases, you know. And the cleanliness. Their streets are so clean. I never saw anyone that looked unhapoy, you know?"

* * *

THE ONLY POLITICAL CANDIDATE THAT I CAN FEEL ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT THIS YEAR is Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien and he's running for Parliament in Dublin. Dr. O'Brien, a distinguished writer and diplomat, has spent the past four years enriching the lives of NYU students as the Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities. Before that he had commanded the UN forces in the Congo and had served as President of the University of Ghana.

He is returning to his homeland with the hope of revitalizing the Irish Labour Party and indeed all of Ireland. Both Ireland and the Labour Party were borne from the revolutionary sacrifice of James Connelly, a socialist who led the Easter Rising and was executed by the British. With passing years, the country has become stagnant, conservative and Church dominated. What O'Brien and some of his Laborite friends would like to do is to bring Ireland back to her radical traditions. They are hoping to do well in the coming election and within five years, to take power. Should that happen, Conor Cruise O'Brien would serve as Ireland's Foreign Minister. He would then steer Ireland into a true position of neutrality in the Cold War, while aligning her with the forces of decolonialization and anti-imperialism in the third world.

While in New York, Conor and his wife Maire were constantly on the front-lines in the fight against the draft and the Vietnam War. Both Conor and Maire were brutalized by the police during last Fall's Whitehall Street Anti-Draft Demonstrations. As for money, they were always highly generous to movement causes.

The old-guard in Ireland desperately wants to see O'Brien defeated. They are throwing all their resources into a brutal and dirty campaign. And that's why a small group of friends have gotten together to try to raise some funds for Dr. O'Brien's effort. Political races in Ireland are a lot less extravagant than they are here and evén a small contribution would prove helpful. In a year when nothing worthwhile seems to be happening in America, I'm sending a check to the:

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN CAMPAIGN FUND
c/o Miss Jill Jakes
18 East 8th Street
New York, N.Y. 10003

* * *

ONCE A YEAR, THE GRADUATES OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY receive a bullshit piece of news from the NYU Alumni Federation. We are told that the University is a very democratic institution and because it is SO democratic, it is going to permit the alumni to nominate one member of the Board of Trustees. As a kind of footnote, the Federation suggests that patriotic alumni also remit some funds to their alma mater. What the newsleter fails to mention is that while the alumni are permitted to NOMINATE one lousy Trustee, they are not permitted to elect him. No, you can't carry democracy too far. That process is left up to a blue-ribbon committee of the present Board.

When this year's alumni schnurrbrief arrived, a group of friends suggested that I run. They felt that I was uniquely qualified for the position since, unlike the other NYU Overseers, I owned no stock, no real-estate, and was not on the Board of Directors of a gargantuan corporation. What's more, it was highly unlikely that I would be contributing any large sums of money to the University. (My tuition was quite enough, thank you.) Finally, except for the fact that my cousin Leroy had been drafted about four years ago, I had absolutely no connection with the military-industrial complex. Not all of my qualifications were negative, though. In some ways I had made some very lasting contributions to the University. For instance, back in 1963, I founded the NYU-SDS chapter, and while working as an organiezr for Local 1199 of the Hospital Workers Union last year, I organized NYU's personnel at Bellevue.

The University received my nomination with, well, a certain lack of enthusiasm. NYU's President, James M. Hester, said that he had no objection to young people running for Trustee. But he cautioned everybody to remember that youth should not be a substitute for accomplishment. It was clear that Hester did not think much of my accomplishments at Bellevue. (Many NYU employes received as much as $1,600 in salary increases as a result of unioniaztion.) As for the SDS Chapter, Hester is the kind of man who thinks that grateful alumni should leave new buildings, not radical organizations.

Frankly, I was rather insulted by his remark. It was very clear that the only way to be accomplished by the age of twenty-five was to be born with a few million in your diapers.

I had asked to personally address the NYU Board of Trustees in an effort to answer Hester's slander. It was the view of my supporters that I should clearly explain why I was qualified for the Board. (And they not.) But of course, my request was denied.

Last week, while glancing at an obscure page of the NEW YORK POST, I noticed a small blurb: "NYU ELECTS THREE AS TRUSTEES". John Schiff, the Chairman of the Board announced the appointment of Frederick Ehrman, a partner in Lehman Brothers, Joseph I. Lubin, head of the accounting firm of Eisner and Lubin, and Leon Shimkin, head of Simon and Shuster, to the Board. Now these appointments are hardly accidental. Mr. Lubin is a member of the firm that give NYU its Eisner and Lubin auditorium. And as for Shimkin and Ehrman, the NEW YORK POST said it best: "both alumni of NYU have contributed to many building projects for the University.

It should be noted that NYU, which never has taken the insolvent very seriously, didn't bother with the courtesy of informing me of my defeat. Evidently, anyone who dares challenge the legitimacy of the aristocratic council known as the "Board of Trustees" has no right to notification.

* * *

SOME MONTHS AGO, NEW YORK STATE ASSEMBLYMAN GINSBERG (R. L.I.), HELPED put the death blow to an abortion reform bill by making an emoaional speech to his coleagues. Ginsberg, who is a cripple, said that anyone who voted for the bill was doing the same as wishing him dead.

Last week, Michigan's only woman State Senator took the floor in a desesperate plea for abortion law reform. Mrs. N. Lorraine Beebee, tearfully told her colleagues of her own experience with a therauptic abortion. "You can't impose your will," she begged. "The woman has to make the decision and live with it."

The Senators were clearly unmoved. "God help our country and state if we do like Nazi Germany did," replied Sen. Fleming, a Republican from Jackson, Michigan, who was leading the fight to defeat the bill. Th country and state were saved and the abortion reform bill was defeated.

ROCK

By JOYCE PLECHA
with snappy repartee
By MICHAEL O' DONOGHUE

This is a record review. What's the only thing you want to know after reading a record review? BUT IT . . . further . . . BUY ANYTHING BY THE MOTHERS, they don't know how to make a bad album. Now the rest of this is diddling, you can pick up on it if you want . . . I remember when it all started the first time I heard Freak Out . . . and thought it was a bunch of acid bums having a good time . . . ah, yes . . . little did we know (boys and girls) that it was the beginning of the young peoples' concert, arranged and conducted by F. Zappa . . . oh marvelous name, who could imagine . . . "do you wanna see my driver's license?" he said. "I can't tell when you're telling the truth." "I'm not." "How do I know anything you've said to me . . ." "You don't." Later much later. Some of us grow and some of us stay . . . standing ovations at the Fillmore East for the memory of what excited us in the past . . . lost Cream, Airplane and their imitations . . . ok, ok; but some of us have grown and some of us want to . . . and where are we after all? still at the Haight, hardly. Today there is UNCLE MEAT (not an imitation of anything) a composition . . . with flavor, like the first time . . . everybody's first love.

"There are some people whose total life thrusts and kicks inside them that to look at them is to think they will live for eighty, ninety, a hundred years. They have accepted their meat as well as their mind, and they are calmly dug in." Liner notes from Eric Dolphy's Here & There. So who have we had since Gershwin? Our American composer, Frank Zappa whose UNCLE MEAT has cross references like a notated Ulysses. Thy: Albert Ayler in *Spirits Rejoice,* Stockhausen's *Momente;* Edgar Varese: *Ionisation, Density* 21.5, *Integrales, Octandre;* Eric Dolphy's *Out To Lunch;* Ornette Coleman.

I met Michael O'Donoghue at Limbo's . . . "What are you doing tonight?", I asked. Later Michael said, "We all know the sound of one hand clapping . . . UNCLE MEAT clapping is . . .

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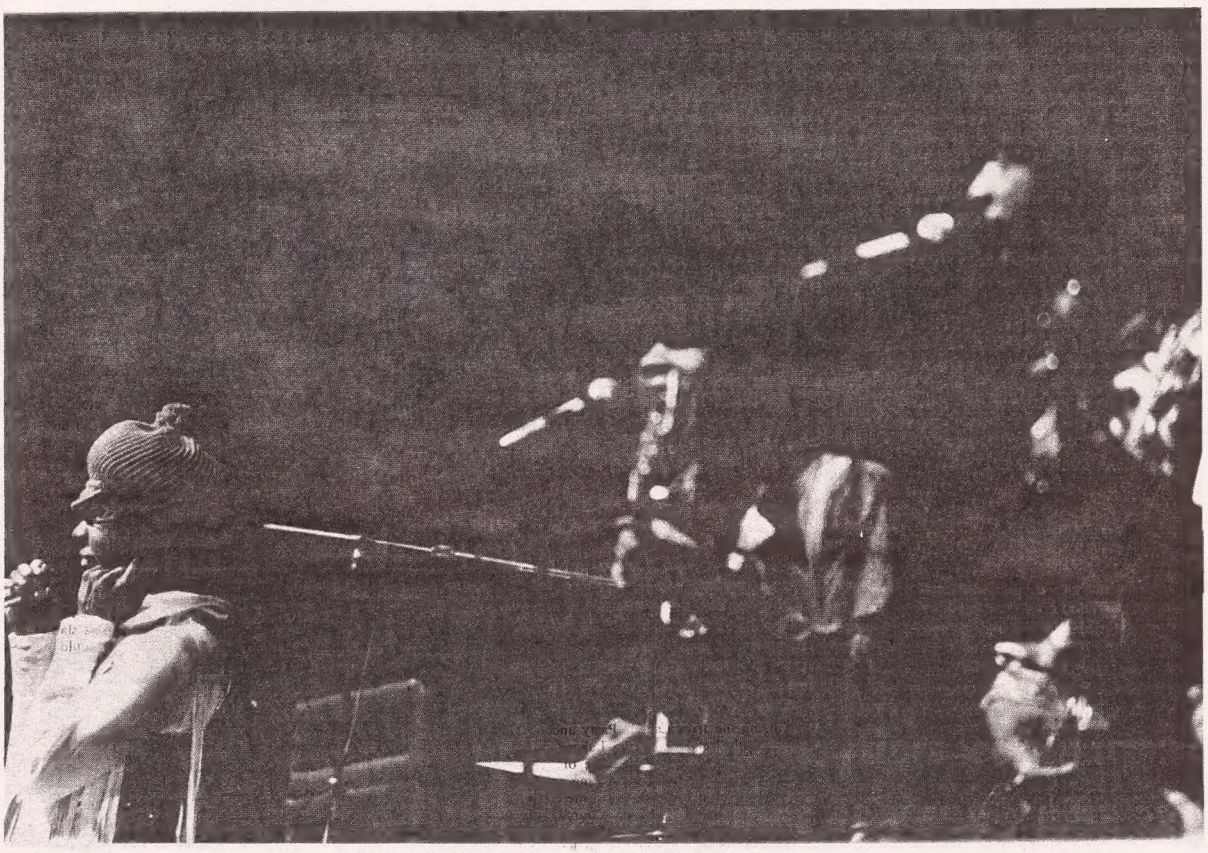

Ainsley Dunber Retaliation/Blues

by Webb Elison

The Retaliation has come a long way musically since first playing The Fillmore East. When the group was first being promoted for bookings there and at The Scene, spaced heads questioned, "Ainsley Dunber? A light show? poet-trick?" But Dunbar's driving bass pushed his musicians to an unexpected new experience; not relying on a Frisco or psycho bag, he makes use of the standard 12-bar blues progression, and a simple antiphony between the guitar and organ is as together as can be.

The Retaliation plays the blues without trying too hard to be "soul"; ironically their bass innovations are descendents of those of Mr. Soul, BB King himself . . . "Mutiny" on side 2 features a heavy drummer who can speak, feel, love and caress; without this, The Retaliation would be, could be, just another rock group—another **good** rock group, yeah. How many compositions still incorporate the basic ride beat . . .? No drummers since Morello, Max Roach have used it successfully but this drummer does. Dunbar and his drummer work together, smoothly, The group has the togetherness of the MC 5 (whose Atlantic album can't be too far off) and these too are beautiful people who offer themselves to anyone who gives a damn.

* * *

Lotti Golden/Motorcycle/Atlantic

or, Lotti (Sally) "Round-the-Roses" Golden, put to a Sly & The Family Stone Background. "Good God" comin' from Mistuh Brown is one thing; from Miss Golden, it is rather distasteful, changing the feeling from a Detroit funk to 4/4 commercial bop, and somehow it leaves much to be desired. Without the musicians, this record would lose: the heavy bass of Lou Mauro and Everett Barksdale the electric piano of Ernie Hayes, and the driving drums of Buddy Saltzman. Lotti's heavy funk attempts—trying to slur her flatted 5th & 7ths, bring in that soul juice—only stays strong on one number, the going phrases of "Gonna Fay's." Her attempt at conversation with the guitar in a spoken rap fails to fill the gap of interest . . . it could be that Miss Golden's range is limited, and that not enough was done within her bound vocal framework. It just could be.

More annoying is the ignorant commercialized version of the heavy drug scene many musicians are really into, given the treatment and soul of a Brooklyn hitter teenybopper on Orchard Beach. In the summer.

Bugsy Maugh/Inside Bugsy/Dot

There used to be a bass player in Paul Butterfield's band, named Bugsy Maugh, and here he is, on bass, but singing. The numbers are pure, low and simple, a fine weaving close-knit parallel to the instruments backing the voice. Dot was so anxious to get this out they sent a test pressing, but the quality holds, really does. The voice is smooth but not creamy—to much respect for the music from a good musician to try overriding and trick effects. The songs, "Thank Heavens," "Shoeshine," are slow and deep, lilting and blues—that Al Hibbler quality without the melodramatic deep bass soundings and rollover notes. White Chicago blues paying respects to black blues but too deeply into its own powerful sound to worry about deference.

It's a fine album, and special compliments to the drummer, John Guerin. The record liners (by Ralph Gleason) give the drummer a 'hi-there' too, hich I didn't notice until later, after writing this . . . so we're both right. The whole record has this deep, continuous quality to it the voice never strained, somehow ringing true in spite of almost commercial tones which keep riding in. Could it just be that long since a regular voice has been around, no electronic vibrato, etc, etc. . . it's the kind of record that takes a lot of listening before you get tired of it, and then sounds that good the next time you play it.

stan Brakhage

by Charles Levine **photo-derivation by Bob Parent**

Stan Brakhage was born in 1933, in Kansas City, Mo and brought up in Denver, Colorado. He started making films when he was 18, and now has over 50 films to his credit. The influence of this towering figure can be felt throughout expressive cinema standing as tall as one of the Rocky Mountains amongst which he lives.

The effects one person has on another is necessarily complex; in the case of a filmmaker, his films are the most important single factor, an explanation or description of Brakhage's work can shed light on cinema in general.

Anticipation Of The Night has moving, travelling, shots in the beginning that create an impression of something-to-come: the spectator is moved toward a destination or rendezvous that is inevitable; one senses that he is being propelled through a vision beyond the perception of the ordinary eye.

This picture is a pure film, so pure that many who saw it did not appreciate its beauty and brilliance. The title of the work gives a clue to its creator's intention; to 'Anticipate the coming of night' with many unknown things held secret in the darkness; to arrive at some of those things (a carousel at night) with many unknown things held secret in the darkness; to arrive at some of these things, and to go on to others. Cutting on motion again and again, the cuts blend to form an organic whole, the movement of objects and of the camera all tending to set up a primitive reaction in the spectator: the coming night, night itself, the passing of night . . .

The above comments on **Anticipation Of The Night** (1958) were writen a number of years ago, and I can now see that this picture contains many themes and techniques which have been expanded in his later work. Two short films made at what now is the middle of Brakhage's career, **Blue Moses** (1962) and **Mothlight** (1963) mark make outstanding examples of Brakhage's consciousness.

Blue Moses has oriental overtones; a chinese mandarin addresses the audience directly and tells them not to be afraid, but that there is a filmmaker behind them, behind each and everyone of them. The thought (expressed on the sound track, rare for Brakhage) that one's life is being manipulated can be alarming. **Blue Moses** is the distillation of 18th century American interest in Eastern religion and Chinese art screened through middle-Western fundamentalism, here represented by a filmmaker who has put his own inner feeling up to the light reflecting them with the reverberation of an echochamber to catch the audience between the eyes.

Mothlight would seem at first to be abstract animation and a departure in style, but when you became aware that the film was made by putting moth wings between two strips of clear mylar, a new dimension is added. That the beautiful abstract patterns that seem to rush by were once part of living creatures is important in several ways. In and of itself this image made of the tissue of organisms that were attracted to light is a meaningful metaphor, because Brakhage makes extensive use of nature and animals.

Brakhage's work in recent years has proceeded on 2 main levels; short "songs" and "epics", these two crossing over at times. He has made a series of epic pictures. **Dog Star Man,** in five parts, and the 4½ hour master work **The Art of Vision,** the full dimensions of these almost overpowering works are breath-taking. His songs, of which there are about 30 to date, are at times a very lyric cinema, but they encompass the full range of Brakhage's extraordinary imagination. Some of his descriptions for the songs are; Song I, " A Portrait Of A Beautiful Woman" (4 min.); Song XIV, "A Closed Eye Vision song composed of molds, paints, and crystals." (3 min.); Song XIX, "A Dancing song of Woman's Rights," (8 min.); and in 1966, Song XXIII, or 23rd Pslam Branch, (58 min.) "A Study of War created in the imagination of the wake of newsreel death and destruction." This song is about the essence of war as captured visually by newsreel cameramen. Brakhage

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thilm

by Lita Eliseu

Adventures are ready-made in America, all you have to do is try to cross the country while wearing local color; you'll know when you're not home anymore because there is, suddenly, hard stares, there is, suddenly, sandpapered silence; raw smiles barely covering the circumstances. America or Amerika, the place is becoming harder to find let alone recognize, it has generations of interpretation shellacked all over the chicken coop until it looks like a cross between the City of Dis and King Kong's crusted-over asshole, a 3-day old dried apricot left in the sun too long: there's life there, definitely, but it's hard to define. Ever since James Fenimore Cooper and before, people have seen fit to deliver a very personal, intricate embroidery which is supposed to be the goods on this country. It Happened Before TV, even . . . The generation gap exists not vertically but horinzontally, tacos are not enchiladas even if the same dough is used, and there are critics both over and under 30 who cannot be trusted because they refuse to deal with any common reality, having tasted neither tacos nor enchiladas but feeling easy and free to decide what is bad and good in both—perhaps the only time these people ever feel free and easy about anything is when they can hold it off at word's length distance.

Last Summer, written-by-Eleanor and directed-by-Frank Perry, deals with the 15-16 year-olds in psyched-out, panicky, schizophrenicked Fantasyland, or, A Summer on Fire Island, as seen by 3 teenagers—and told to and through some adults who are trying to be sympathetic but have never been 15, it seems, and therefore are unable to empathize. You sympathize when you can intellectually understand that someone is having a hard time; you empathize when you've been there, too, and know what kind of a time it can be. The Perrys, along with ol' liberal Amerikans everywhere, are sympathizers of the cause of growing up, but if they were there once, Freudian amnesia has set in. "These are the children of the privileged indulged with everything except their parents concern or attention . . . They are provided with sailboats and tennis courts but no ideals, plenty of pocket-money but no heroes." This is the story of the people who grew up to make, and be in, **Faces,** the faceless segment of America known as The Disappointed. Who make fairly interesting social drama, but not much more; rather a catalogue of a cultural phenomenon which should become extinct. Also like **Faces,** this movie makes no attempt to discover solutions, only characterizes the problems: give a kid no culture hero, and he turns restless on ya, turning to Dylan and the Jefferson Airplane for soothing and concern.

There is a girl, Sandy, and 2 boys, Dan and Peter. Together they take off their clothes, smoke pot, explore each other's minds, involve another girl, Rhoda, into their fierce relationship, and generally carry on, **on paper,** as many a live teenager does. Unfortunately, the effect of transliterating these words and plot-threads into the marshland real of the movie, of **film,** leaves something out, some ineffable spirit which would make these be more than straw children set up to scare the adults who are trying to feed off their own seed (another heavy Freudianism which is as murky and troubled with hot gas as my feelings about the film). The sparse, Matisse-like incisiveness of a word sketch: boys and girl go on a beer-drinking beach party, play a version of the 'Truth' game everyone is so fond fearful of, establish bonds of honesty and trust among themselves—they are their own peer community, lovers friends, and judges; in the rounder, multi-faceted substance of film, this poignancy and accuracy gets lost, bogged by the absolute requirements of reality, the allowances for Eastmancolored, rock-androlled truth. The kids just are not real. They have had moments picked out of them with a shellfish fork, as though they were lobsters and only certain pieces of pink flesh were desired . . . gaps of red raw reality are too much missed; kids grow up in and out of time/space, you

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emanations

by Elfrida Rivers

In this column, questions will be answered about magic, spiritualism, the occult, astrology, spiritualism, the ocult, astrology, and any related subject about which anyone cares to inquire. Questions which for reasons of length or general interest cannot be answered in the column will receive a personal answer if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Direct all questions to Elfrida Rivers in care of the East Village Other.

Q. What do you think of the Ouija board? I have been told that it is just the subconscious mind of the person asking questions which gives the answers but I don't know. D. J.

Dear D. J. — I personally have found the Ouija board extremely unsatisfactory, since I've never gotten anything from it except gibberish. I know people who have, and almost without exeception, the answers which are received from it are those which are expected or wanted by the persons asking the questions.

Basically, an Ouija board is a flat smooth board with the letters of the alphabet, and the words YES and NO, painted on it, and a small sliding device with a pointer. The persons working the board all put their fingertips on the pointer and ask questions; the pointer is supposed to move, spelling out answers. Some people insist that a spirit called "Ouija" moves the pointer, which is manifestly absurd — in the first place, "Oui" means Yes in French and "Ja" means Yes in German, and I simply can't buy a spirit named yes-yes; or maybe I should say that anyone can buy "her" for five bucks or so, and how could she be everywhere at once?

I am inclined to think that when persons with genuine mediumistic tendencies are trying to get messages, they may contact the other planes as easily through a Ouija board as through any other method. (And if they cannot afford on Ouija board, they can use a wineglass, with the letters of the alphabet written on cards and laid in a circle around the center of the table).

BUT — and this is a big but — in the first place, most Ouija boards are sold quite frankly as a parlor game and as a device of psychological interest. The method in which fingers are placed on the glass **does** produce minute muscular tensions which cause it to move. I do not believe that the "spirits" are so easy of access that they will come at the call of any person who happens to have half an hour to spend asking them silly questions. And if one **does** have enough mediumistic tendencies that one **could** call up spirits with such a toy, well — how do you know that the spirits you summon have anything worth saying?

Any **good** spirit has something better to do in the after-life than shove around a cheap toy for the amusement of the gullible.

And if the spirits are trying to contact any particular person, it seems unlikely that they would "stake out" any given Ouija board and wait for him there to give the message.

By their fruits ye shall know them. There is probably no harm in an Ouija board, unless every word it spells out is regarded as a Direct Message From the Supernatural. If it gives you good advice, use it and be grateful — but keep in mind that it probably comes from within rather than without. After all, even if you aren't in contact with the spirit of Krishnamurti, Bishop Pike's great-Grandfather, or your long-lost Aunt Keziah, you will at least have found a reliable method for contacting your own subconscious, and that's more than many psychiatrists can do for you!

Q. Can you tel me something about the Zen macrobiotic diet? Does it really have all the physical and spiritual values claimed for it? K.R.

Dear K. R. — Not without reprinting a book on the subject, I can't. Very briefly, the theory is that man's natural diet is whole grains (with which

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Jackel

art

by Lil Picard

Others see in the growing taste for Late Sensate art a revolt agains materialism and conformity and a possible emergence of new humanism and creativity—honesty and individuality.

The year 2000
by Herman Kahn & Anthony J. Wiener.

What are you doing those days, I asked Jon Hendricks who had been running the Judson Gallery until last summer and made Art history with the Destructionist—Movement by giving the Destrutionists a place to destroy things . . . that was during the last few months of 1967 and in the spring of 1968. 1969 everybody who had been connected with "Destruction in Art" is doing something else. Al Hansen teaches at Rutgers and writes a book (I hope), Ralph Ortiz teaches and works politically for his black brothers (I hear), John Toche reads books & helps his friends from Paris & South America to do Tech—Art—Objects, Lil Picard thinks about life-art-love—, cooks & writes, sometimes she cooks her writing or writes her cooking & her friends in Germany want her to do all kinds of things for them; mostly they ask her to get in touch with Andy Warhol to make him do things for the German Art world, give them Interviews, do his T. V. Portrait for a German Television Station, travel to Berlin—but Lil likes Andy, he is her friend and she thinks, why bother him all the time—because all those people want to make money . . . but she will do a piece for Bridget Polk's Great black Book . . . Bici & Geoffrey Hendricks are very busy with poetry, teaching and with white clouds on a blue sky, Carolee Schneeman does films & travels, Charlotte Moorman & Paik are busy at Howard Wise, Charlotte is a great T. V. Sculpture with Paik's T. V.—Bra . . .! What happened to Steve Rose, Malcolm Goldstein & Kate Millet I don't know, but Elayne Varian, the good angel of the Finch Museum, thinks about "New Matter Art" (aren't we all?)

1969 everybody who had been connected in the past with Destruction Art is doing something constructive, something new and something else. Things move fast, images get blurred with the jet—speed, the race of a restless fin-de-sciecle generation. The ultimate of destruction is life itself, we are all running in a destructive speed towards the "No-Place" in time So, I like to talk today about friends, and call it "FRIEND-ART."

* * *

Jon Hendricks does collage—paintings for a play coming out in the Judson Theater, Friday, June 21. Wendell Metzger, Author, title Al Carmine, Director. Title of play: THE ELEVENTH DYNASTY. Subject matter: LSD plus SEX. Cast: Four People, girl & boyfriend, mother & father. A family—happening. They all take it, make love and love it. Jon read parts of the play to me over the phone. One of the first lines: "I am a beautiful person." Some of the last lines: "Turn it off . . . Turn it on. (The light) It's all about phantasy, ecstasy & love.

Jon says: "Picabia atlks about phallic war, warbullets, guns, planes. He says in one of his writings that," War is made by people who are like a bunch of little children showing off their cocks to each other & the one with the biggest prick is the greatest, the best. He wins the war."

Guns, bullets, bombs, rockets are phallic-shaped penetrating objects, they are the hardware-phallic-objects of destruction. Picabia Jon Hendricks is haunted by the immagery of Picabia and the cruelty of our life, the inevitableness of men's fate: Death & Destruction. He lives Peace. He is a Quaker. Jon is one of the last romantics. His task in Art today is not an easy one. For the paintings to be used in **The Eleventh Dynasty,** he has chosen a three layered collage-technique: cutouts from medical books, aeronautical and mechanical drawings, sterioptic images, pictures of torn, suffering human bodies, and he draws on top of the images his own designs. He wants to express ambiguity in juxtaposing the sickly, torn human flesh (symbolizing human suffering) & the perfection of precise machine parts, which can be the instruments on destruction. "Destruction in life interests me" says Jon Hendricks, poet-artist,— "with my Art I talk about the human condition."

* * *

From Woodstock, N. Y., I got a letter written by Hannah Weiner. She writes: "I want, with the next piece I do (together with Marjory Strider, Eduardo Costa and John Perreault) to send a telepathic message to Marjory Strider in Madrid, to John Perreault in Iowa (and to his 60 students there) and to Eduardo Costa in Argentina. At the same time, they will be trying to receive this message — the piece (Art) starts at 12 noon in N. Y., 12 noon in Argenitna and 11 a.m. in Iowa and 5 p.m. in Madrid and it will last 20 minutes. After 5 minutes rest, they will attempt to send

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erzotica

(Continued from Page 3)

FB — Some of the people that watched the film today were ardent hard rock film distributors. I think they gasped when they realized that I was not kidding around. If erotica was the subject of the film and the voyeuristic tendencies of the people require it to be produced, then I produce it for them. They probably realized that this was the first time where actual penetrations took place on the silver screens.

EVO — Were you satisfied with the end results? . . . Has the film attained the goals you set for it?

FB — Yes.

EVO — Are you a voyeur?

FB — Yes, probably one of the biggest.

EVO — What were the feelings and emotions that ran through you while filming this film. Your own creation, a red-white-and-blue orgy right there in front of you?

FB — On a creative level I thought primarily of the technicalities — Does it look good? Does it taste good in the camera eye? Does it sound as good as it looks?

EVO — That's Fred Baker FILMMAKER. How about Fred Baker — MAN?

FB — Fred Baker Man — unless it gets really groovy — the people themselves getting into their own YIN bag, where they are allowing the eroticism to happen — if they take off and begin carrying on — and I smell what they are into — YES, of course, like everybody who appreciates the beauty of people really engrossed in an activity — SURE I get excited, like everyone else who knows what sex is like.

I enjoy getting excited. Not that I would drop my camera and jump in — but I definitely get excited.

EVO — I spoke recently to a "hard core" pornographer who shot thousands of stills with his Polaroid, and asked him the same question that I asked you. The thing that turned him on was being a part of the action (by taking shots).

FB — He takes Polaroid pictures because he finds that a good way to get off and get into sexuality. My way is with my wife.

EVO — Do you consider yourself vibrationally part of the action that you are shooting?

FB — I try not to and I think that I succeeded. That's what the film is all about. When you make a study of the subject and you want to represent it truthfully to an audience, you can't participate.

EVO — There is one scene during the orgy that comes to mind. One of the "filmmakers" whose old lady, while on acid gets involved in the orgy which puts him extremely uptight. I thought that your depiction of the cat's dilemma was extremely well done.

FB — Right — he is the classic example of the male supremist who is getting laid all over the place and who has got this highly erotic girl, who wants him and his attention. His bit with her is to push her constantly away yet when he sees her exhibiting the same tendency as his, with the orgiasts — he goes completely dead. He becomes utterly uptight.

EVO — What does your previous work consist of?

FB — It is restricted to a couple of prize winning shorts. I started in films in 1963. I came out of a very traditional theatrical background. I was an actor for 10 years, then became a stage manager and stage managed about 12 Broadway shows. I worked with some of the best Broadway directors of the 50's and early 60's. When I started to realize that stage managing wasn't really leading toward directing, which I was interested in, I started to produce summer stock packages. While doing this for about three years I became intrigued with what was happening with films. I decided to do it. I got some financial backing and proceeded to make my first short. A jazz dance short with Donald McKayle. Three black dancers, a white beach and a jazz score by Gigi Grice With it I was in the Edinburgh Festival, won the Cine and Berlin Festival awards and lost all the money I had — my backers and mine. Right then and there I realized that this was a tricky business and in order to make it I would have to master the entire field. I studied the whole film business for the next 3-4 years and at the same time made more shorts. R-U-O-K- was one of the funnier. About a man on a toilet bowl. Another was called SNATCHES — a compilation of all the nude women I ever shot for tests or various and sundry voyeuristic tendencies that I may or may not have.

EVO — Did you do any TV work?

FB — I worked for about one year for Channel 13 as a producer, writer and director of documentaries. That's how I became involved with Lenny Bruce. I was going to do a retrospective show on him. That project was axed. After that I left and went completely on my own.

EVO — Let us return to ERZOTICA. You said it was the idea behind the film yet I found your film not only erzotic but masterfully erotic — do your get turned on by it?

FB — I get turned on by it — even though I have seen it three times. But shit man, I love to watch erotic films. I really do. I think they are beautiful to watch, I think they get you titilated and as a result your nerve endings in certain areas, that you try to keep down, are kind of revitalized. If you are using your eyes and mind to ingratiate your life, to make it pleasant and sensual — shit that's the most pleasant thing that you can do. To enjoy watching

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erzotica

sensual sights and sounds. I believe in pruriency and I dig human beings that accept that about themselves. I can't stand those who make sophisticated pretentions in that area. When you bullshit about your sexual vibrations because you think they are dirty —that's where most of the hangups between people take place.

EVO — Will the film be distributed for mass consumtion?

FB — Yes we shall have 35mm. prints ready within a week.

EVO — Do you anticipate legal problems?

FB — Of course but I hope not. I hope that the cops who will come to see it will enjoy it. But I do expect that somewhere there is going to be some very authoritarian eye-mind control guy who is going to say that this film shouldn't be seen. I think that we are going to have trouble but I hope not. I haven't made a film about what produces our incentive to kill thousands of Vietnamese or robbing banks and shooting up guards like in Bonnie and Clyde. I haven't made "The Dirty Dozens" who are out to kill and maime. I am examining a beautiful part of life and some of the sick syndromes that surround it. The fact that it is becoming so open and people are being treated to visualizations of it.

EVO — Do you have any future plans for any further examinations of the same subject or are you sick of it?

FB — Not sick of it, just that I have other things to go to and therefore have to change gears. I am not hung up on erotica. I know how groovy it is to deal with and I dealt with it as a project. If another script calls for the examination of the erotic in our lives, I am again going to examine it very dilligently and truthfully, I hope.

EVO — Have you suceeded in maintaining a separation between church and state — namely your private and professional lives?

FB — I try to. I have a beautiful wife and three children. It is difficult when you know that she knows that I am being exposed to that much sensuousness in my work. But it does work.

EVO — Is Events in any way autobiographical?

FB — It has a very autobiographical — emotional base. I don't mean the story itself. The problems that do arise in the film between the filmmaker and his girl — a situation, like all others, that I conceived, are obviously something that I know a little bit about.

brakhage

(Continued from Page 10)

has cut this film so that the sick, sexual nature of war is apparent, explosive climaxes piled on one another. He has said that his taste for the Hollywood action and war films changed when he realized that gun shots, cannon firing and explosions of all sorts were being used to hook the audience.

Brakhage has worked on his basic material film—that is, the physical substance of film itself, to build patterns. All film stocks have different qualities of grain, the way in which the various chemicals appear to the eye when projected. The grain qualities can be used much in the same way Monet used pigment in his paintings of "Water Lillies" in the Museum of Modern Art.

Many people consider Brakhage's work too difficult; it is true that he demands more of his audience when one sees his films, one is expected to be fully receptive in order to participate in the experience of cinema. These films are not for passive people trying to escape. Yet his influence is very strong on other filmmakers, not only because of his films but also because he has written extensively on cinema, the most notable example being "Metaphors On Vision"; Brakhage has Charisma and for the last seven years has traveled and lectured a great deal, the power and persuasiveness of his personal presence and magnetism making a deep impression on many people, a large number of whom are filmmakers.

It is not likely that my descriptions of a few films and other general information will explain the Brakhage influence but seeing his work might help. One of his films will be shown Tuesday June 24th. at The Jewish Museum. (My Montain and River).

thilm

(Continued from Page 10)

can't monkey around with the natural order of things, segments, pieces of flesh, what metaphor you will, without destroying the old corpus and having to create a new one. Emotional climaxes are not enough to string your fish keboo on, there have to be the Andy Warhol toothless gaps of ennui, of real-time boredom and such. If one is to make an artform which is going to replace reality as an ultimate, the one better be better than good. **Last Summer** could have more effectively dealt with any one of the actions included, and dealt with it more fully, reflecting the doubts and sureties in each child's mind, and in the filmmaker's as well, to create a picture of what it is to grow up, out, or elsewhere in today's hyena factories along the coasts, those homes-on-the-sea where canned laughter seems to be about as close to holy communion as the inhabitants can ever approach. What is it really like to tell the truth to someone else, to trust them with your private parts; what is it like to be someone listening to someone else tell you a truth which is now your weapon over them, your privilege to have and yet your responsibility to guard . . .? to be someone listening to someone tell another that truth, and to be faced with having to tell your own truth or be Outside . . .? To lie. . . .?

Not to mention what is it to have your parents be divorced — why do all mother's boyfriends have to be either knobby-kneed antcrawlers or sexually starved bores? — the most affective acting came from the Rhoda, (Cathy Burns) in telling the others about herself. The acting as a whole, however, was quite good. Barara Hershey as Sandy, Richard Thomas and Bruce Davison as the two boys, Peter and Dan, were quite effective . . . only Rhoda managed to get across, however, and in her moments create a bond between spectator and actor.

The film is at Cinema I, 3rd Ave. and 60th.

* * *

Easy Rider is the story of 2 young men . . . no: in this day and age, that word has a fusty rigidity—a Jamesian somesuch quality—which is out of time for sure . . . is the story of Captain America and his sidekick Billy. That's it, their proper names are the only descriptive nouns, so many offshoot bred growing up, blowing up all around today. They ride their classy choppers, all new highshit polish, chrome and color, from L.A. to Mardi Gras. There are a lot of different kinds of people in panaoramic America, including one fine old farmer (Warren Finnerty) from the Southwest dry region, who asks, "Where's that city, Ellay?" This is a big country, yeah, it's a big country. Most people in it are

a. not-nice
b. nasty

Can you imagine the kind of people who would just have to be around in Smalltown when those sassy motorcycles come through, front wheel miles from the windshield, held by two extended chrome bars at an angle af 45° from the macadam, whiteline road . . . The first shock of the movies is that the bikes really work. The final shock is that by the end of the movie, you aren't sure you care, possibly because you can't.

The film has beautiful spacy color, lots of prism-effects over fading sunlit hills (VVVrrrroom) from shooting directly into the sun, producing those multi-octagons of pure light which give an other world, if not 3rd world, feeling. Our society is represented by the 2 young men above, and straight George (Jack Nicholson). Captain America (or Wyatt, or Peter Fonda) is calm, lucid, non-verbal and just wants to saunter through this trail of easy riding, money, and maybe cc riding. Billy (Dennis Hopper who also directs) is paranoid, driven to feel fear, a snivelling toward and so forth. Straight George is, harhar, tryin' every minnit to make it over to th' other side where the cool darkies and others go when they go (cool darkies these days not being a matter of color so much as temperament).

Easy Rider is full of innuendoes, O. Henry-sized story twists, violence and death. It is a picture of parts of America at war with one another, and tragically enough, for good reason: one cannot expect to survive unless the other dies. Free people (happy people) cannot live with those who would force unhappiness down everyone's throat because someone will burst, first. The film works on some levels, especially the bummer acid trip which is photographed and plotted beautifully, working to give a thoroughly uncomfortable notion of how it can be if you aren't happy and free, even if you think you are. On the overall, however, something there is about Capt. America and Billy which does not love

(Continued on Page 15)

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underground cine-scene

compiled by Bob Parent

This is the beginning of a regular weekly feature. It is a Service to help the New American Cinema. Screenings, and/or guest talks by filmmakers that are open to the public (whether theater, festival, campus or loft) will be listed free providing the subject relates to avantegarde — experimental — underground cinema. It is being compiled in cooperation with the Filmmakers Newsletter and will cover the U.S., Canada, and Mexico. All interested operators and filmmakers should send their schedules to EVO as soon as available.

To reduce unwieldly repetition, abbreviations are used to denote the region involved and the name of the theater. Full description of the codes are listed alphabetically and precede the calendar.

REGIONAL CODE

BAY — San Francisco Bay Area, Cal.
NYC — Metropolitan New York City area

CALENDAR LOCATIONS

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N. Y. C. 10011

AMEX—AM-EX
American Experimental Cinema
8 Stuyvesant St. (near Cooper Union)
N.Y.C., 212 677-9790

CINEMATHEQUE/MUSEUM OR C/M
The Jewish Museum
1109 5th Avenue (91st St)
N.Y.C. 10028, 212 749-3770

MILLENNIUM FILM WORKSHOP INC.
46 Gt. Jones Street (E. 3rd St.)
N.Y.C. 10012, 212 228-9998

MOMA
Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53rd Street
N.Y.C. 10019, 212 CI5-3200

PALACE Theater
Columbus & Powell, North Beach
San Francisco, Cal.

U-P FILM GROUP
814 Broadway
N. Y. C., 212 475-9110

CALENDAR

HOURLY — NYC — Films by BRUCE NAUMAN, ROBERT FIORE & MICHAEL SNOW as part of the current show "Anti-Illusion Proceedures/Materials. Daily thru 6 July — **WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945** Madison Ave, NYC, CI 9-4100

MILLENNIUM — For the balance of the summer, Millennium Film Workshop will not operate a regular schedule but will maintain some classes and schedule showings whenever a program becomes available. All events open to the public will be listed here as soon as scheduled.

JUNE 18 — WEDNESDAY

4:15 PM — NYC — ROBERT BREER will show & discuss 6 of his films — **DONNELL** Library, 20 W. 53rd St.
8:00 PM — NYC — Hanoi 13; Strike City — **JUDSON CHURCH** garden room, 241 Thompson St.

JUNE 19 — THURSDAY

10:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — **AM-EX**

JUNE 20 — FRIDAY

9:00 PM — NYC — ARMAND WESTON: Distraction. RAY WISNIEWSKI: Russian Funeral. MAURICE AMAR: Nunez. BEN HAYEEM: Extreme Unction. JIM THORNTON: Beach Scene I & II — **U-P**
10:00 & 12:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — **AM-EX**
MIDNITE — BAY — EISENSTEIN: Time in the Sun (unfinished Mexican film). VON STERNBERG: Anatahan. WALTER CHAPPEL: Flesh Tones. Plus a surprise film — **PALACE**

JUNE 21 — SATURDAY

8:00 PM — NYC — ALFREDO LEONARDI: 7 films from tse Italian underground — **AM-EX**
9:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Friday program — **U-P**
10:00 & 12:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — **AM-EX**
MIDNITE — BAY — Repeat of Friday program — **PALACE**

JUNE 22 — SUNDAY

3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — Grapes of Wrath — **ALT U**
8:00 PM — NYC — Open meeting to anyone interested in filmmaking. Discussion of forthcoming programs and classes & registration for new members and/or classes — **MILLENNIUM**

JUNE 24 — TUESDAY

6:00 PM — NYC — STANBRAKHAGE: My Mountain and River — **C/M.**

JUNE 29 — SUNDAY

3:00 & 7:00 PM — NYC — ELIA KAZAN: On the Waterfront. No Game, a documentary on counter—insurgency techniques used at the Pentagon — **ALT U**

JUNE 26 — THURSDAY

10:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY — **AM-EX**

JUNE 28 — SATURDAY

9:00 PM — NYC — Repeat of Friday program — **U-P**
10:00 & 12:00 PM — NYC — Films by JOHN DULANEY **AM-EX**
MIDNITE — BAY — Repeat of Friday program — **PALACE**

rock-scene

VILLAGE VANGUARD: Charlie Mingus.
ELECTRIC CIRCUS: Otis Spahn & his Band, The Chicago Blues All-Stars.
FILLMORE: Grateful Dead, Savoy Brown, Buddy Miles Express.
UNGANO'S: MC5, Hamilton Face Band.
SLUG'S: Freddy Hubbard.
SCENE: Chicago Transit Authority.
UNLTD: The Dovells, Uncle Dirty, Ice, Jim Bishop.
BITTER END: N. Y. Rock & Roll Ensemble.
CAFE AU GO GO: "Jam" Straight On.
APOLLO: Joe Simon, Jackson Five, The Lollipops.
GASLIGHT: Ron Price & Burt Lee, Mark Markham, Cliff Kirton.

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"A SPOOF FOR SEX GYMNASTS!" — Richard Shepard, N.Y. Times
"HILARIOUSLY FUNNY! SHOULD RUN FOR YEARS!" — Joe Franklin, WOR-TV

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Vilgot Sjöman's complete and uncut *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is "a landmark likely to permanently shatter many of our last remaining movie conventions," says William Wolf of Cue Magazine. The Evergreen Film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman. A Sandrews Production. ADMISSION RESTRICTED TO ADULTS.

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Hippocrates
by Dr. Schoenfeld

QUESTION: I had enjoyed a close personal and sexual relationship with a girl to whom I was engaged. But then I began to vomit whenever I saw or thought of her.

The frightening part of the story is that the same thing happened to me again during a casual sexual relationship with another girl.

Is it possible that the puritanical sexual attitudes of my mother have made such a deep impression on me that my attempts to liberate myself from the "old morality" are being foiled by a built-in preventive?

ANSWER: Allergic reactions to mates have been reported before, but your response is a bit unusual. More often the symptoms are those of hayfever or asthma.

You should explore this problem with a therapist. Either that or keep a supply of Dramamine handy.

* * *

The Puritan heritage is the real reason for our marijuana laws, according to Dr. Philip Handler, chairman of the National Science Board. Dr. Handler, also chairman of the Department of Biochemistry at Duke University, recently testified before a House of Representatives appropiations subcomittee.

"It is our Puritan ethics which say we shouldn't do this rather than science which says we should not, at the moment."

Handler said there is no scientific evidence that using marijuana will lead to the use of other drugs, reported the San Francisco **Chronicle.**

Meanwhile, the Justice Department's Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs has written a bill making possession of marijuana a crime under the interstate commerce provisions of the Constiution (the tax requirement shuck was thrown out by the U. S. Supreme Court in the landmark Tim Leary case). A lessening of penalties for possession of marijuana will be proposed. Let's see now . . . 15 years instead of 30? Or 5 years? Or 30 days? Perhaps "Justice" lawyers should read the Preamble to the U. S. Constitution.

* * *

QUESTION: William Baird, birth control expert, is quoted in the May, 1969 **Ramparts** as saying:

"You'd be surprised how naive about sex some of those bright college kids are. Some of them believe they can prevent pregnancy by withdrawal."

Now, just what is wrong with "pulling out" as a means of contraception?

ANSWER: Coitus interruptus is a risky means of contraception—and drag as well.

Small amounts of semen may be deposited in the vagina before the sensation of ejaculation occurs. Studies have shown this fluid contains thousands of spermatozoa.

* * *

"Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Girl One writes your column for help with pain during intercourse. Girl Two writes a 5 point plan to eliminate the pain which is a beautiful example of machine mentality. She advises among other things to lubricate well, relax-relax-relax if (necessary by thinking about something besides sex) and don't let yourself be pushed.

I (Girl Three) ask both of them—who are you doing this for anyway? If you're in danger of being pushed faster than you want to go, something is wrong with the whole scene.

"Sex is good" was liberating as a truth. As a moral imperative it is as repressive as any other."

ANSWER: Authorities in Vancouver, B. C. also objected to Girl Two's 5 point plan. Two thousand copies of Vancouver's **Georgia Straight** were seized because of an alleged obscenity in her letter.

* * *

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* * *

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him c/o P. O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California 94709.

thilm

(Continued from Page 13)

them for themselves, and it is me. As people, the two remain behind cellophane membranes, never able to emotionally drain or otherwise affect the viewer. It makes it hard, then, to root them on as culture heroes . . . but they really don't want to be that, anyway. Captain and Billy just want to be themselves, left alone, and nobody is willing to do that for them. The tragedy of the film is that it is impossible to get worked up about the people in it, except as symbols in the more abstract struggle of existence, Them/Us which goes on outside the window all day long. So the film passes by the window too, and then its place is taken by something else . . . still, it was there, and in moments of emotion, it comes back, a ready testimonial of another tragedy in the everyday horror we people who can see call another day.

The film will open around July 14, Bastille Day.

* * *

Che! Cuba needs you . . . Che . . . I need you. Fortunately, that is a quote by "Fidel — Jack Palance." I dont need Che, neither does anyone, least of all does the live Fidel Castro need this version of **Che!** Oh lawdy miss Mawdy, Ah caint remembah when Ah been so disgustified, all us po' pickanainnies and all down heah on the farm.

See Jeff Shero's review in **The Rat** a few weeks ago. See any other films, boycott this one; the campiness of it isnt worth it. It would be like supporting California grapes and passing it off as a revolutionary act. The answer is: no dice.

Che! is probably still playing somewhere.

* * *

At La Mama, June 20 — **Cock-Strong,** written by Tom Murrin, directed by Playhouse of the Ridiculous' own John Vaccaro, music by The Silver Apples. Opening night and thereafter, 10 p.m.

* * *

Operation Cleansweep, to clean Sheep's Meadow in Central Park, this Sunday, June 22. 2:30 p.m. Starting from the Weather Balloon near 67th and the Tavern on the Green. GIVE THE GRASS A CHANCE, hotcha.

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art

(Continued from Page 11)

a message to me. John's 60 students, who do not know me, will also send a message. I am sending a single word, one that can not be visualized as an object.

At 11 a.m. in N.Y., 11 a.m. Argentina, 10 a.m. Iowa, and 4 p.m. Madrid, all four of us, plus the U.S. coast guard on Governor's Island and the Argentinian and Spanish Navy and Coast Guard (if possible) will send by semaphore the word: FRIEND.

John will face south, Eduardo north, Marjory west, myself east. The Coast Guards and Navies (if any) will face the Atlantic Ocean.

(Signde): HANNAH WEINER

Four artists are using their mind to communicate on an international level . . . their code-word is *Friend*. It's MIND-ART of space—without rockets.

° ° °

In Woodstock a painter works for years on erotic drawings and paintings. She is an excellent painter. Her drawings have spirit, elan, vitality, charm. They are truly erotic. She is not discovered until now in New York. Her name is Annick du Charme. Very French. She comes from Brittany. She is also an excellent cook.

° ° °

Uptown in an object-filled apartment works Lilly Brody, an artist, and friend of many artists. She is a painter of the most extraordinary sensibility, with poetic vision, and she is fighting for many years the lonely cruel war of the artist (without guns, bombs, rockets, bullets). She draws & paints with watercolors & inks female figures & landscapes, but mostly nude bodies. Her work is filled with the most ephemeral code — emotional signs, dictated in a language that comes from the heart to the hand & there it is on 17th century, handmade Italian peper (the best, she says . . . the best) — a dot, a line, a touch, a stroke . . . an image. ART! Yes, Art.

Is it an object? What is it? I like to tell you what it is, what all those manifestations ade: They are the lonely attempts of humans trying to stay alive & sane in times of such utter confusion & overpowering brutality, midst the icy coldness of a machine world, where the artists task seems absurd. But is it really . . . ? Because the only thing we still have to hold on to, regardless what form it might take on, what code, signal, message, what ever one might call it, Telepathic Art, Destruction Art, Non-illusion-Art, New Matter-Art, Materials, Procedures, Black Art, Clock-Art,, Sex-Art, Life-Art . . . we all are . . . Friends . . .

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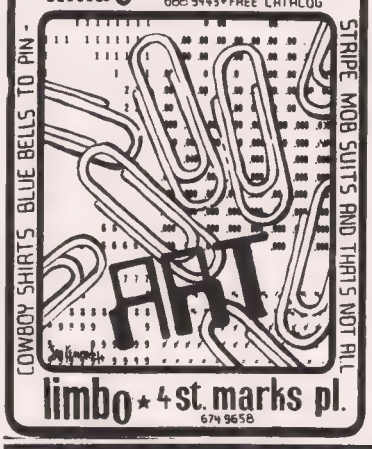

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TOUCH—with mind and hand-first a stranger, then yourself, who or what do you discover? COME TO ERIC SCOTT'S ENCOUNTERS. "Towards game free experience." Schedule for June: open groups Tues. 8:00 P.M., Fri. & Sat. 8:30 P.M. $3.00. 72 Grove, Sheridan Sq. 3rd floor (691-8434, after 6 6 P.M.)

ASTROLOGY for the Aquarian Age! Way out people, intellectuals, homosexuals, etc., your horoscope sympathetically interpreted, in light of modern research. No puritanism. Astrology Associates, CA 8-8346 (or PL 7-6300).

4 — BUY AND SELL

"KENNEDY IN '72." Buy this button (25c each) & bumper-sticker (50c each). Also 350 other buttons, bumperstickers, 84 different 1968 political buttons, BUTTONS & BUMPERSTICKERS MADE TO ORDER. FREE catalog to all. Dealers inquire. Suite 503-E, 160 West 46 St. NYC, N.Y. 10036 Tel (212 x) 581-4199.

SHOPS AND INDIVIDUALS. Earrings. Very beautiful. Silver and hammered brass. Write to E. Gardner, 525 Hyde St., Apt. 15, San Francisco, California, 94101.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING
World's largest selection, advanced electronic systems, highest engineering quality, largest strobes, home, college & commercial application, catalog 24c stamps. RockSonics Corp., 22 Wendell St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

JET TICKET. Sacrifice. Amsterdam to New York. one-way, late August, $115. Call (212) 873-8495 (eves.)

WANTED: Tickets to woodstock. Willing to Dicker. Call 823-8374.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL include complete instructions for building strobes, color organs, light machines, etc. Send $2 to Lightworks, 409 East 6th St, N.Y.C.

5 — PUBLICATIONS

ADULT MANUSCRIPTS wanted by Publishing firm. Contact Miss Rossman, 673-2828.

POETS! POEMS WANTED FOR PUBLICATION. Poetry pageant Awards $500.00 Prizes yearly, published quarterly! Submit several SHORT poems for publication consideration. POETRY PAGEANT, Box 3677-EVO, Washington 20007.

6 — MODELS

YOUNG MALE MODEL, 6' 2" 21 Attractive, slender, available for your thing, photography etc. Your place or mine $25.00. Call 533-6602 day or night.

MANY young male figure models (age 18-28) for nudist magazine. Professional photographer. No experience necessary $10.00 per hour. Call AL 5-2711

100 GIRLS needed immediately for photographic figure modeling. No experience necessary. Minimum $50-75 per shooting. Same girls used many times Call Bob Wolfe Studio 255-2711.

ACTRESSES NEEDED
Attractive, young, well-built girls wanted by New York Film Company for a series of exploitation films. Nudity required. Call 565-8741.

FEMALE FIGURE MODELS $25 an hour. No experience necessary. I need many female models for legitimate photographic work for publication. This is my private studio, not an agency or amateur studio. I use up to ten models a week. None earn less than $50 for a shooting; all day earns $75. Some models are used many times. Strictly business. Call me at my Studio and ask questions. Bob Wolfe 255-2711.

PHOTOGRAPHER needs models experienced and non-experienced caucasian, negro, etc., for illustrations of dresses, etc., book covers, pin-ups, figure for magazines. Call 1-6 George Sova, 134 Fifth Ave., 691-8530

ATTRACTIVE GIRLS and guys needed to model for legitimate figure and nudist publications. No exp. nec. Age 18—28. Call Bill anytime, BE 3-6161.

STRAIGHT, but in financial blind. Beautiful European type boy, classic (David) figure, well endowed, willing to strip for photography. $20 per session. Call Charles (mornings 10-12), 254-1560.

MALE AND FEMALE MODELS, Young and attractive, for private nude work in sketching or photography, at our newly decoraed studio. $15 per half hr. $20 per hr. Group sessions $5 per hr. Call 691-9831 1-5 P.M. For information the Gallerie, 12 E 18th St, 2nd FL (Btn. 5th & B'way) Mon-Sat.

TV PRODUCER can use several black or Puerto Rican boys, 18-25. Must be well built. Call 269-3652. Keep trying.

MODELS WANTED. Couples and female singles wanted for figure modelling. Highest rates paid. Call 889-4229 for interview and immediate assignments. Photo Fem Studios.

MALE MODEL, Young, tall and attractive with slender well built body, will pose for successful photographers and artists. Call Roy BE 3-3300, leave name and number.

PHOTOGRAPHERS urgently require many attractive female models and couples for legitimate nudist work for publication. Call John Peters JU 6-3700 24-hour service.

FEMALE IMPERSONATORS AVAILABLE. Beautiful female impersonators available for photographic modelling, private parties, fashion shows, stag parties, club dates and conventions. Available by the hour, day or longer assignments. For information write: Toby Rhome c/o Hayes, 155 West 46th St., New York, New York.

WE NEED many female models for figure work for legitimate publication. This is strictly business. We use our models many times. $25. per hour. No experience necessary. Call Lisa, evenings, CA 6-1735.

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ATTRACTIVE, Girls needed for modeling. No exp. Nec. Part and full time. Glamour, figure, pin-up, commercial. Call for appointment 1-5 P.M. 101 Studio, Inc. 736-4738.

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FEMALE figure models wanted by professional photog. Top pay. Call 1 to 6 P.M. Mon. Thru. Sat. Ted Schnider, 565-9751.

7 — MISC.

CARTOONIST
New underground comix needs stuff. Big cash paid. Send samples. Mitch 1614 Argyle Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

FREE VACATION with Artist Thomas Reese, Folksingers' Coffehouse-Gallery, 7711 60th St., Pinellas Park, Florida 33565. Dial 544-7087. Sunbathing gardens, near Gulf. Models, ac/dc, S & M, etc. Need helper.

FREE VACATION, with Artist Thomas Reese, Folksingers' Coffeehouse-Gallery, 7711 60th St., Pinellas Park, Florida 33565. Dial 544-7087. Sunbathing gardens, near Gulf. Models ac/dc, S & M, etc. Need helper.

FEMALE wants to share Apt. in Manhatan. 695-9065, 695-9578, 695 9560. Phone only between 1 & 2 afternoons or 7 and 8 at night, Wed., Thurs., Fri. only.

COLLEGE age guys needed to sell complete psychedelic line to shops in your free time. We handle the best items at the lowest prices. Please send us some information on your background. Rep Distributors, 1375 Main, Sarasota, Florida, 33577.

8 — IMPERSONAL

TALL, attractive, warm, honest, male, white, 30, desires to meet female companion, single or divorced, for romance and possibly marriage. PO Box 3016, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

SINCERE, affectionate girl (18-28), who wants better things in life and an intimate relationship needed by young, thoughtful understanding exec. (new in city). J. Ackerman, Box 580, Cooper Sta., NYC 10003.

DIVORCED, in my late 40's, have own private airplane. Seeking compatible female for a lasting relationship. PO Box 1083, F.D.R. Sta., New York, N.Y. 10022.

TALL, dark, handsome, 33-year-old, white executive wishes to meet with attractive female swinger for cocktails, luncheon and . . . Let's talk about it you won't be disappointed. Write me. Include your phone number if possible. Discretion assured. — Steve Archer, c/o AAA-1 Service, 943 Columbus Ave., N.Y.C. Please, gals only.

GENTLEMAN in forties would appreciate the company of a sincere young student. Please give details and picture if possible. Thank you. Box 8, Ramsey, N. J.

COLLEGE STUDENT (Girl) wanted for easy clerical work, Sundays at Bachelor's pad. Good bread, steady. Work & Play arrangement. (Am 40, white, handsome). P.O. Box 4026, Sunnyside Station, L.I.C., N.Y. 11104.

26-YEAR-OLD New Jersey professional man with sensitive, quiet outlook, desires to meet affectionate girl of small build. Interest in classical music is desirable, but not necessary. All replies will be answered. B.K., PO Box 1174, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003.

SELL PUSSY, Girls . . . the latest "in thing" is selling pussy. Bored with the usual, try the unusual. If you don't need the money, do it as a hobby. Be like Severine Serizy in the movie, Belle De Jour, who made this "in." Travel to all the swinging places and watch your bank account grow. THE SENSUALISTS

YOUNG WOMAN (21-30) free weekends or longer with bachelor photographer, beach house & boat, in exchange for figure modelling, light housekeeping, etc. Send phone No. to Box 27, Center Port, N.Y. 11721.

LIBERAL-MINDED, young male desires to share his appartment with understanding woman. (Age unimportant). Mutual pleasure basis. Location: suburban New York. Give phone number with first letter. Kay, Hickory House, 254 North Main Street, Apartment D-10-B, Spring Valley, New York.

INTELLIGENT, quietly hip young man want to meet attractive warm girl for intimate, perhaps, lasting, relationship. Call or write Mike Mason, 214 Riverside Drive, NYC, mornings or evenings, Number's in Manhattan phone book.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEEDS MANY GIRLS. $50 - $75 A SHOOTING FOR NUDIST MAGAZINES. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

CALL BOB WOLFE STUDIO 255-2711.

YOUNG attractive male, 22, blonde hair, blue eyes, 135 lbs., 5'7" tall, will do anything for money. P.O. Box 898, Radio City Sta. N.Y.C. 10019.

HELP attractive, intelligent man, 29, quit gay life; seeks bright, attractive, well-shaped woman, to 35, for new experience. AL, G. P. O. Box 2284, NYC 10001.

MALE Professional, 26 seeks intelligent, groovy, uninhibited chick(s) to share my spacious home on Long Island. Phone and photo appreciated. Stu Weiss, 790 Park Avenue, Huntington N.Y. 11743.

NEW YORKER, comfortably situated in beautiful Arkansas, welcomes correspondence from short, light built, pretty affectionate single girl, in her twenties. Child. O. K. Please send photo. Mike T. Winet, 1014 North 33 Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas 72901.

ORIENTAL, desires short plump broadminded young girl. I enjoy all types of intercourse with long period sexual contact. Aboo, 505 Rockaway Parkway, Apt. C9, Brooklyn, New York.

11 — UNISEX

YOU CAN LIVE with homosexuality! — HOMOSEXUALITY: THE WAY OUT. $3.00, check or money order, Gladiator Productions, PO Box 8321, Asheville, N.C. 28804.

GOING WEST SOON. I'm 26, handsome, and most important considerate and affectionate. Would like companion same or younger. Time traveling? Ken P.O.B. 219, Staten Island, New York 10304.

YOUNG WHITE MALE, 22, (lonely, sick of the gay scene, but loves to suck) very sincere, moderately nice looking, seeks a very sincere, permanent relationship with young man, same age. Sincere replies only. Write: "S" P.O. Box 792, Jamaica, N.Y., 11431.

GROOVY, Voluptuous, attractive transvestite wants to meet good looking masculine men for groovy times. Phone & photo please. Box 1204, Radio City Sta. New York 10019.

ATTRACTIVE, Sincere gay guy, 20, Seeks young boys for fun and friendship. I have car; will travel. Send photo, phone to Box 412, Metuchen, New Jersey 08840.

12—S & M

ATTRACTIVE BACHELOR, wants intelligent female slave, for long, warm relationship. Let's meet. Write Box 54, Church St. Sta. N.Y. 10008.

YOUNG, DISCRETE, NYC GENTLEMAN, wishes to meet gals who share his interest in enemas. Write to J. Gordon, Rm. 504, 152 W. 42nd, NYC 10036.

13—GROUP GROUPE

SWINGER'S PARTY II. $4.00 white couples only, no singles, faggots or prudes. Admission by tickets bought in advance 9 P.M., June 27, 315 W. 77th St., Apt. 2C, 6-9 p.m.

14—RUBS

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15—FLESH MART

TURN ON BY MAIL—For loads of unadvertised nude pix, horny books, novelties, clubs, offers. Put your name on the adult mailing list. $1.00, POB 912, Azusa, Calif. 91702.

DILDOES, Vibrators, Ticklers, extensions, send stamped self-addressed envelope for information to R. C. Sales, 906 Summit Avenue, Jersey City, N.J.

TURN ON with the famous TRIP OUT book, sure-fire formulas to make hash from legal chemicals. Make Peyote, DMT, cannabis, mescaline, LSD, etc. Do it now; Send $2.00 to TRIPS UNLIMITED, Box 36347-EVO, Hollywood, 90036.

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ID CARDS, university, birth, press reporter, photographer, company drivers license, investigator, karate, disc jockey-sold blank, 50c each. Headlines, Box 202, dept. 669, commack, N.Y. 11725.

MARIJUANA, is a common weed. Illus. guide. How it looks and grows. $1.00 COLD PRESS D-2, Box 485, La Guardia Sta., Flushing, N.Y. 11371.

GAY MALE MOVIES. Large selection black & white and color. Reasonable prices. $1 (deductable) brings full details. John Peters, G.P.O. Box 793, New York, N.Y. 10001.

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16 — FLEA MARKET

DON'T answer another personal ad until you see what other people write. Dozens of hot letters answering AC/DC and straight ads placed by single girls and swinging couples just released. (Sent in plain wrapper). Rush $2.00 to The Letter File, Box 36603-EVO, Hollywood 90036.

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rock

(Continued from Page 9)

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11. None, all or even some of the above, not necessarily in that order . . . Listen to this record listen to you. Then think about Organized Sound . . .all sound, every sound, your sound, silence. Imagine what it would be like to breath creatively. "I've come home to my mothers" . . . nobody ever left . . . did they, did I, did you? Try not listening to Uncle Meat while it's playing.

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decomp

(Continued from Page 5)

run out holding his genitals . . ."

Strange man, this Deitch . . . Turned on to acid when he was working as an orderly in a nuthouse —used to go in stoned and trip out on the biopsy samples—one spent a week's EVO pay getting drunk at Max's Kansas City—that sort of man—not afraid to take a chance, hell! He's *proud* of his Alka-Seltzer! *Plop! Plop! Fffffsssssbzzzzz . . .* "Great Scott, Dr. Malmouth! There are some things God meant for Man to leave alone!" His father invented Tom Terrific and Bert and Harry Piel. Kim invented Sunshine Girl and Uncle Ed.

"Listen to Latimer carry on," grouses Kim: "fuckin nim-nam can't even draw Archie Andrews. Actually, I *discovered* Sunshine Girl and Uncle Ed, they were never invented, they were here before any of us. Maybe they discovered *me*—or invented me. I'd be the last one to deny it! But what now? Whither? Whence?"

Sunshine Girl. Uncle Ed. Trashman. The Snoid from Sheboygan. Nard 'N Pat. Wonder Wart Hog. Cheech Wizard. Mary Jane and Sniffles. All these culture heroes of yesteryear, what's happening to them now? What transfiguration, what sea-change, what rough LSD-altered blastosphere slouches toward Jerusalem? Is this the jet to Tel Aviv, Effendi? *Let's hear it from you readers!!!* What are your ideas? What sort of superhero can lend us inspiration and guidance through the moil and roil that stands before us? What speedball avatar can handle the combined assaults of Richard Nixon, the Lennon Sisters, wide cars, lowered hemlines, the McCarran Act, and a seven-year penalty for Obscenity? Eh? Submit your scrawls, sketches, skits and scatology to EVO, care of this colum, and win yourself Honourable Mention on the toilet wall at the Tompkins Square Sweet Shoppe. And while you're thinking about it, dig on Kim Deitch's museum—it's free, it's funny, it shouldn't hurt. And buy *The Gothic Blimp Works Ltd.*, support your local speedball pusher.

emanations

(Continued from Page 11)

I have no quarrel), that vegetables and fruits should be consumed only in very small quantity (which seems somewhat dangerous to me) and that all foods must be balanced between Yang and Yin. If you read the books of Georges Ohzawa, you will learn more than you care to know about the subject. For a somewhat more balanced and, to me, more sane aproach to the diet, one could **read Zen Macrobiotic Cooking,** by Michael Abehsera, published by University Books; even if you don't want to go on the diet full scale, some of the recipes are delicious. It contains, however, some absolute incredible howlers (bear in mind that I speak as one who does NOT believe in it) such as the following little gem; that whistling is a discharge of yin, and that anyone who whistles is probably an eater of milk, fruit, chocolate and candy!

Whatever the benefits of the Zen diet may be when practiced under a Zen master and with moderation and caution, the extremes of the diet can be dangerous to the unwary who goes on it suddenly and with unmoderated enthusiasm; the special "Number 7 diet," consisting of **nothing** but brown rice and salt, can be dangerous. The author of the book contends that man naturally has the ability to synthesize, from this one natural food, all the vitamins he needs, and that a return to this diet will result in a return of this ability. (Abehsera even states that man lost this ability when he began eating too much fruit!)

But be that as it may, Western man does NOT now have this ability, and some people who have gone on Zen diets suddenly for the spiritual benefits have died of malnutrition before they were able to find out what these benefits might have been.

Q. — Do you thinks cats are psychic? B.G.

Dear B. G. — No, I don't—and I say this as an old catlover, and not without a guilty glance at my Siamese. If cats were psychic, they wouldn't invariably jump on the lap of the one ailurophobe in a roomful of catlovers; and they wouldn't run under cars so often, or climb telephone poles they couldn't get back down without a whole crew of firemen.

However, if you mean "Do you think cats can see into other planes," yes; I do. Almost any medium will tell you that a cat cannot be coaxed into a haunted room; and cats are sometimes used by ghost-hunters as canaries are used in coal-mines; to detect alien presences before any human being can sense them.

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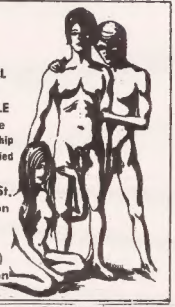

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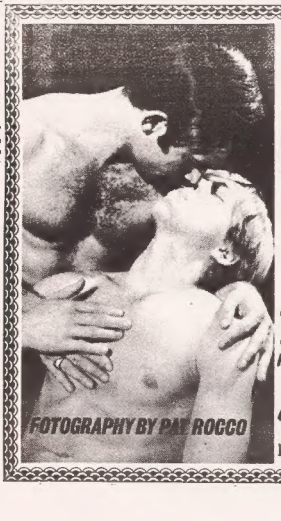
Call for information 243-0339



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IF YOU WANT TO LISTEN, YOU CAN.

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